

Papa by Tortellini

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove meets Eleven and decides to go ride-or-die for her immediately, maybe without knowing the whole truth. Will it end well?

Oneshot/drabble

Papa

Billy Hargrove liked to think he wasn't an idiot. And you know what? He liked to think that his friends didn't really think he was an idiot either, now that he'd stopped acting like such a major ballsack all the time. He hung out with better people--being Steve Harrington, his ex, and a bunch of eighth graders. It sounded less weird in his head.

They all fought monsters. Yeah, that was the part that sounded as weird in his head as it did out loud.

Anyway.

Steve Harrington waited a little bit to introduce Billy to Eleven. He had good reason to too. He wanted to make sure that Billy could be trusted to meet her. He wanted to make sure he didn't scare her either.

In retrospect though, he didn't have to worry about either of those things, especially the latter.

El was a tiny girl with short raggedy hair and the biggest eyes Billy had ever seen. Every goddamn time she looked at him it was like she was looking into his soul or something. It was weird. But he didn't mind too much either.

There was something else though. It took Billy a moment to realize what it was. In the looks she gave him, or the way she held herself. It freaked him out. He knew what it was.

"Man," he said to Steve one day. "What the hell is up with her?"

Steve rose an eyebrow. "What're you talking about?"

Did he really have to spell it out for him? "What's up with her arm?"

Suddenly though, Steve looked uncomfortable.

"...nothing. Forget it, okay? Here, let's play a practice game of basketball."

And while Billy was never one to turn down playing a shirtless, sweaty game of basketball with Steve Harrington, he didn't let the issue rest. He knew the signs of abuse when he saw them after all. He knew from fucking experience.

"Hey," Billy said a little bit later. His voice was still gruff, but softer, his movements slower. El looked up at him with those big eyes of hers. Well, he started, so he might as well continue.

"Billy."

"Yeah. Uh, I was just wonderin' something," he said, and she came a little closer. He wouldn't touch her without her permission because he didn't want to scare her. Instead, he just gestured. "I...uh, I saw your arm. Your tattoo." He furrowed his brow slightly then to get his point across. Did she know what he was talking about? "What happened, kid?"

Her expression darkened. "Papa."

"Papa." he repeated. "He hurt you?"

Instead of answering, El reached out, touched right below Billy's eye with just the tips of her fingers. She was gentle; he still flinched just the slightest.

"Papa," she said again, and he knew she understood.

In the middle of the night a few nights later, Jim Hopper woke up with a headache.

Some asshole was banging on his front door. How had they even found this place? His blood ran cold. *How had they found this place?*

He grabbed a bathrobe and went to check on El: somehow she had managed not to wake up. That was a good thing. Once he knew she was asleep and safe, he went to the door and opened it.

Billy Hargrove stood there, drunk, looking angry. Hopper sighed and grabbed his phone rather than his gun.

"Steve Harrington get your ass over here. Your drunk boyfriend showed up to fight me for hitting my daughter."

One, Jim Hopper was not 'papa'. No one had thought to tell Billy this. That Hopper would die before he let anything happen to El, hands down, no questions asked. She was his daughter yeah, but it wasn't the same thing.

And two! Billy and Steve weren't dating!

The blush meant nothing either, shut up.

All in all, all's well that end's well. Steve did end up showing up to drag Billy away. To let him crash at his place. And definitely to do some explaining a little bit later.